the concerns of Monterey Park, CA, on the placement of cleanup facilities.

In fact, I was the board member who made the motion to place the southern parcel of OII on the national priorities list.

Against the wishes of the board, the California Health Department, and the citizens of Monterey Park, however, EPA also included the northern parcel as part of the site.

This was done despite the fact that the northern parcel did not qualify for NPL listing by itself and EPA had failed to justify its inclusion.

The disregard I mentioned was first displayed with the placement of a leacheate treatment plant in the middle of the relatively contamination-free northern parcel.

Despite numerous allegations that the leacheate facility is a white elephant, the EPA now wants to place a thermal destruction facility in this same northern parcel.

To make matters worse, this portion of the site has excellent redevelopment opportunities.

Unfortunately, the placement of this facility at the proposed EPA location would negatively affect the value of the parcel and drastically alter the city's future development plans.

The original version of this legislation was not worded to accomplish a responsive attitude from EPA nor did it reflect our intention which was to make sure the best solution to a problem EPA region IX created was reached, both for the environment and the community of Monterey Park.

However, H.R. 2583 reemphasizes the true nature of the bill—one of compromise.

My legislation would block funds for the construction and operation of a thermal destruction facility unless the city and EPA agree upon its location somewhere on the northern parcel that still will allow for the highest and best use of the property in conjunction with the intent of the Brownfields Act.

Throughout my involvement with this site, I have always desired a quick and efficient cleanup.

This can be done while still allowing the economic interests of Monterey Park to be fulfilled, especially when other placement locations are readily available.

The reason there has sometimes been extreme criticism of the EPA are cases such as this, where the EPA has been totalitarian in its dealing with local citizens and their local government.

I urge all Members to join me in opposition to this obvious affront to local interests and inappropriate Federal intrusion in the long-term economic viability of this city.

HAPPY 40TH BIRTHDAY LYLE ROLOFSON

HON. GLENN POSHARD

OF ILLINOIS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 8, 1995

Mr. POSHARD. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to congratulate Mr. Lyle Rolofson on his 40th birthday. Lyle is a self-proclaimed policeman, junior fireman, and gadfly who has quite an enviable fan club in the town of Argenta, IL. Lyle is a fixture throughout the community where he never misses village meetings, and is always eager to assist his friends and neighbors.

In honor of Lyle's 40th birthday the town of Argenta decided to throw him a spectacular birthday celebration. Argenta's mayor, Nelson Jackson, even declared September 28, 1995 Lyle Rolofson Day in Argenta. Lyle was presented with a commemorative plaque which read:

The Village of Argenta is proud to declare September 28, 1995 as Lyle Rolofson Day for being the ''Good Citizen'' that he is to the people of Argenta. We love you, Lyle.

I am delighted to join with the village of Argenta in recognizing Lyle for his dedication to the community he calls home. Mr. Speaker, Lyle Rolofson believes in the value of community involvement, and I am proud to represent this outstanding individual in Congress.

FREEDOM'S DRUMMER: ROSA PARKS

HON. JOHN CONYERS, JR.

OF MICHIGAN

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 8, 1995

Mr. CONYERS. Mr. Speaker, for several decades now, I have had the privilege of knowing a woman who set great wheels of social change in motion. Forty years ago this year, she gave birth not to one life but to many lives by igniting the energies of the civil rights movement. From a single, simple act of courage, she showed those suffering in the Nation how to move from hope to determination. That woman was Rosa Parks, and she accomplished all this by refusing to sit in the back of the bus. The article I am entering into the RECORD today from the Washington Post Magazine tells her story, and I believe it will move you the way it did me:

[From the Washington Post Magazine Oct. 8, 1995]

A PERSON WHO WANTED TO BE FREE

(By Walt Harrington)

Bus No. 5726: A shell, really, a decaying hulk with its glass eyes missing from their windshield sockets, red rust marching like a conquering fungus from its roof, down and around bullet-pocket windows to its faded green and yellow sides. An era's relic, stored in the wind, rain and stultifying summer sun on the vo-tech school's back lot, stored on the chance that the people of Montgomery, Alabama, will someday reach a place in mind and heart where they will find, who knows, $100,000 to refurbish it as a lesson from that night 40 years ago, December 1, 1955, when a city bus driver asked a prim black woman to leave her window seat so that a white man could sit, and she uttered an almost inaudible, ''No.'' It was an ordinary evening, Christmas lights flickering, people hurrying home past the banner ''Peace on Earth, Goodwill to Men.'' Even Rosa Parks, 42 then, was thinking about all she had to do in the next few days. But at the instant she refused to move, as Eldridge Cleaver once said, ''Somewhere in the universe, a gear in the machinery shifted.'' The wonder of it: Imagine the chances that so precise a moment of reckoning would be encoded in our collective consciousness. Stop time: Look back, look ahead, jot a note, nothing will ever be the same. The stopwatch of history has been pressed now, at this instant of resonance, this flash of leavening light.

Bus No. 5726: It is not *the* bus—*the* bus is long lost. After all, that December 1 trip seemed like just another run on the Cleveland Avenue line. Business as usual, but this artifact from that time, most of its seats now gone, is still a narrow passageway from then to now, a time-tunnel. Scores of wasps inhabit the place, a few flying in and out of the missing windows, most huddling and pulsing en masse on their nests. A headlight that will never again illuminate languishes on a mantel behind the long rear seat, which was always occupied by ''coloreds.'' The dust on that seat and others, that dust on the floor, is so thick that the interior is like a sidewalk caked with dry, powdery dirt after a flood. On the filthy floor is a red plastic bucket marked by the moment the white paint was last poured from it. Small hinges and a batch of tiny screws are strewn haphazardly about, as if a conjurer had, with the flick of a wrist, tossed them there like metal bones in an effort to read some meaning into it all, discern the mystery.

The smells are of age and dust and raging summer heat, the lessons are of change and intransigence so great it is hard now even to comprehend. The dirty air tightens the lungs, like breathing gravel. A seat is torn in a cut-away display; old wood, followed by coarse dark fiber, followed by soft white stuffing—the hidden layers, like those of America, finally laid bare.

''A gear in the machinery shifted.''

Yes, but why?

Why Montgomery? Why 1955?

Most of all, why Rosa Parks?

''Yeah, I know'd her,'' says A.T. Boswell, an erect 79-year-old man poised in front of his house, a hardscrabble house with a tin roof and tilting chimney that sits beneath a huge sheltering water oak in Pine Level, Ala., precisely 20 miles southeast of Montgomery on Route 231. It was a long distance for Rosa Parks and America to travel. In bib overalls, Mr. Boswell stands with his giant hands planted powerfully on his hips, his eyes clear, his long face narrow at the chin and wide at the forehead a triangle standing on its tip. A thin scar, evidence of a bout with a barbed wire fence decades ago, runs the length of his left forearm. His voice, from deep in his chest, seems to roil his words before they arrive, creating a dialect almost too foreign for a stranger.

She's related to my people,'' he says of Rosa Parks.

''Who was her mama?'' asks Julia Boswell, Mr. Boswell's wife of 52 years. she has joined him in the sunny yard, her hands clasped casually behind her back. At 69, she is short, round and relaxed to Mr. Boswell's tall, gaunt and formal. She wears a denim hat with a round brim that casts a shadow over her face, a blue-and-white house dress and a white apron. Beyond the house, her laundry is drying on the line. Mr. Boswell rumbles a response.

''Oh, Leona!'' Mrs. Boswell interprets. ''Leona and cousin Fannie were sisters. Well, his grandmother was they aunt. She was Leona Edwards' aunt. That was Rosa Parks' mother.''

''She was raised on the farm,'' says Mr. Boswell.

Rosa Parks was born in Tuskegee, Ala., in 1913. By the time she was a toddler, the marriage of her mother and father was pretty much over and Leona had moved back to Pine Level to live with her parents. Leona wasn't your average country woman. She was a schoolteacher who had attended the private Payne University in Selma at a time when public education for most of Alabama's black children ended in the sixth grade. Unlike nearly all black families near Pine Level, Leona's family didn't crop for shares. The family owned 12 acres of land that one of Rosa's great-grandfathers, a Scotch-Irish indentured servant, had bought after the Civil War and another six acres one of her grandmothers had inherited from the family of a